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Courtship and Marriage in China.

(By Rev. G. S. Miner, Foochow, China.)

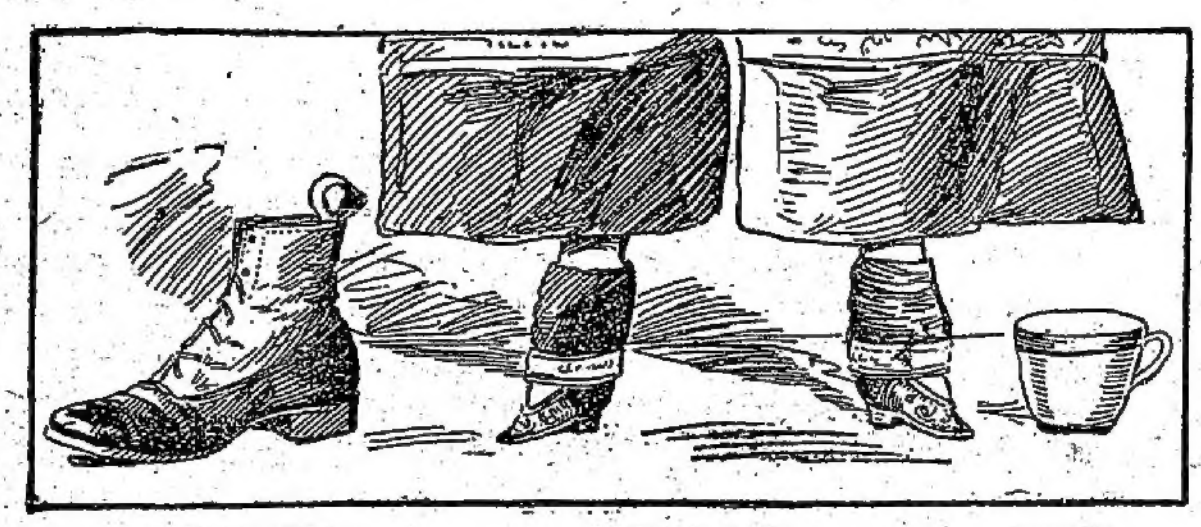
I am quite sure that all the young men and not a few of the young women in Christian lands would most seriously object to their present custom of courtship and marriage being substituted for that of the Chinese. The fact is that here, generally, the persons most interested have nothing whatever to say in the matter. They are usually betrothed at a very early age, sometimes when mere babes. Frequently a gentleman

THE CHINESE BRIDEGROOM.

having a friend in a similar position in life will propose, when the years of childhood are passed, to give his daughter in marriage to his friend's son. A 'match-maker' or 'go-between' will be employed, the children's horoscopes cast, and for several days the matter is under consideration by both families. If during this time of waiting any accident happens in either family, such as a breakage among the chinaware, or the loss of some trifling article, it is looked upon as an omen of evil and the match is not concluded. But if all goes on quietly, the parents decide that the betrothal is a suitable one. A number of presents are then exchanged, the parents of the girl generally receiving by far the greater share. Among the gifts are two cards, one ornamented with a gilt dragon, which has written upon it a number of the particulars relating to the boy, another decorated with the picture of a phoenix, which gives similar information about the little girl. A thread of red silk, with needles at either end is passed through each of these cards, which, being exchanged, are preserved with the betrothal papers in the families of the children. The red silk indicates that the feet of people destined to be married are tied together with invisible cords. These engagements are as binding as the marriage, although the principal parties may know nothing of the arrangement. Very sad surprises constantly occur at Chinese weddings, for frequently no communication takes place between the two families from the time of betrothal. Sometimes one of the families has become very poor, sometimes one of the parties has become a helpless cripple or afflicted with the terrible disease of leprosy or some incurable malady. I know of one instance where the bridegroom was a perfect idiot, but nothing could prevent the marriage. Sometimes the betrothed girl is taken at once to the boy's parents and there made to serve as waiter for the family until the marriage ceremony is performed. More frequently, however, the parties who are to walk through life together never see each other's face until after the nuptial rites and ceremonies have been consummated. In such a case, on the wedding day the bride is brought to her new home in the hired, grand, bridal chair of brilliant scarlet, elaborately decorated, and carried by four coolies, preceded by a band of music. Two near relatives accompany her until they meet two of the bridegroom's relatives, when they hand her over to the tender mercies of her new protectors. All of her other relatives are supposed to remain at home and bewail their loss. None of her friends or relatives ever attend the wedding. Upon arriving at the bridegroom's house two women attendants take the bride in charge and serve her during the days of ceremony and festivity. As they open the chair, a child, and an old lady who has many sons and grandsons, come forward and invite the bride to accompany them to the bridegroom's chamber, where he is sitting on the bed, attired in official cap, gown and boots. The bride is attired in garments of various colors, with a large robe of scarlet thrown over all the rest. Her head is covered with a veil of scarlet silk or cloth which quite conceals her features and crown. Assisted by the attendants she walks upon the carpet, which is put down for the occasion, as her little feet must touch nothing else, and takes her seat at the right of the bridegroom. He now removes her veil and crown, the curtain is drawn and the happy couple are supposed to sit and think, not even speak or exchange glances, until preparations for the service are completed. Everything being ready, the groom re-crowns the bride and they walk to the reception room. The whole end of a Chinese reception room is open. In this room, facing the open end, looking into the open court, the couple worship heaven and earth by bowing their faces to the ground four times. They then face in the opposite direction and worship the groom's ancestors in like manner. They next worship each other, and then retire again to the chamber, where the bride's

CHINESE BRIDE IN WEDDING DRESS.

crown and veil are removed for the last time her hair dressed, and the groom beholds his bride in her beauty for the first time. The wedding breakfast is now served, of which the bride and groom alone partake, or rather the groom partakes while the bride sits motionless, eating nothing. During the meal the mistress of ceremonies chants a song supposed to be composed for the occasion in which she predicts that every nuptial blessing shall be the portion of the young pair. They now return to the reception room and worship, in the same manner as before, all of the groom's senior relations, and are worshipped by all of his junior relatives. A grand marriage feast is the climax of the day's festivities, after which the guests, both men and women, are permitted to inspect the bride and make all kinds of personal remarks concerning her dress and appearance. This is an ordeal through which every Chinese bride passes, and the old-time serenade is nothing in comparison to what is sometimes visited upon the newly-married couple. Throughout this trying experience the bride is supposed to appear alike unconscious of blame or praise, of rude criticism or friendly words of sympathy. The following day, if possible, the wedded couple pay a visit to the bride's parents, and if she chance to have a number of 'big brothers,' the groom is liable to have something of a serenade, unless he hands over the cash quite plentifully. After one month of married life the bride is at liberty to visit her parents and relatives. This visit is a very sad one, if the young wife has to tell of some cruel and heartless husband or



CHILD'S SHOE. BRIDE'S FEET. TEACUP.

mother-in-law, who makes life a burden to all under their authority. Too frequently these visits are taken advantage of by unfortunate young wives to attempt to put an end to their lives. Life is so lightly valued by the Chinese that the taking of it seems only to many a very little thing. But there are many comparatively happy marriages, considering the strange way in which they are brought about, and many who put full value on life. Generally speaking, the lives of women are more dreary and sad than those of men, which is the case in all lands where compassionate teachings of the Christian religion are unknown. There, might is right, and the weak ones have to suffer under the rule of the strong. Should a girl in China lose her betrothed, or a young wife her husband, she is highly commended if she takes opium, or contrives in some other way to follow him into the unseen world. Outside the walls of many cities, especially Foochow, and along public roads are numerous monumental arches erected to perpetuate the memory of filial daughters, of young women who have killed themselves, sooner than outlive their betrothed husbands. Cases of this kind are reported to the emperor, and the arch is erected at his command. I am pleased to inform you, however, that wherever Christ's teachings have been accepted, betrothal, marriage, life and widowhood are considered in a far different light from the above. Christian parents still have considerable to say about the betrothal of their children, because the custom of China will not allow the mingling of the young gentlemen and ladies in society. Weddings are conducted in a civil way, and friends are mourned for as only 'gone on before.' The contrast between the heathen and Christian can only be realized by those who have witnessed both. May the Lord's kingdom soon come and his will be done in this wonderful, populous Flowery Kingdom.—'Illustrated Christian World..'

The Secret of Peace.

'How do you feel now, dear?' asked Nurse Ebell, on meeting a former patient of hers.

'Ever so much better just now, thanks. I am going to write a long letter after tea;' then, in a whisper: 'Miss Ebell, I asked the doctor this morning to tell me whether there is any hope of my getting quite well again, and he told me plainly there is not. This is my last spring-time on earth, dear; I shall not pass through another winter.'

'My poor darling, my poor child,' murmured the nurse, tenderly stroking the girl's hand. 'Oh, I am so sorry for—for you both.'

'Yes, dear Donald doesn't know the truth!' and the sweet voice trembled. 'He is expecting to make me his wife in September. I—I must break the news very gently to him, Ah, I know that for a short time there will be a storm of sorrow in his heart, but afterwards there will be a great calm, such as has entered into mine, and he will be able to look up and say—

"In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And peace hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay."

I have been asking for him, and shall ask it again and again; and will you do so too, dear friend? I know you care for us both.'

'Yes, indeed I will;' and Miss Ebell's promise passed through quivering lips. 'And, oh, darling child,' she added, 'it is very wonderful that you can bear so calmly such a heavy trial—the dashing down of your hopes of earthly happiness.'

'With God all things are possible,' was the solemnly but gladly made answer. 'Ah, for a long time I have sent up the prayer, "Father, prepare me for what is being prepared for me, and help me to put my whole trust in thee," and he has answered it, yes, so fully, that the doctor's verdict did not even startle me. Yes, it is wonderful how strong our Father makes us in answer to our prayers.

'Oh, Miss Ebell,'—and a new bright light shone in her blue eyes,—'I long to hear my Donald say that he too has proved the truth of those grand words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee," for to trust in our Heavenly Father, to feel that whatever he does is best, that his way is perfect, is to have the secret of peace.'

Yes, it is indeed so, and if we possess this peace we shall at all times be able to say from our hearts:

'Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand
Choose out the path for me.'

—Daphne Hammonde, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

Ignorant of its Truths.

A teacher of elocution in an American college for women told the following incident to some friends the other day as a fact:

'I was listening lately to a class of young ladies who were reading aloud, when one came to the expression, 'the patience of Job." She pronounced the name as if it were spelled jobb, and then, pausing, said:

'"I don't understand this. Who was Job?"

'"Have you never read the book of Job?" I asked in amazement, "Does the name suggest nothing to you?"

'"Nothing whatever," she replied, "except that I somehow associate it with printing. Was he a publisher?"

'Other teachers who were present gave other instances of the ignorance among American girls and boys of the Bible.

'"I once asked a graduating class of young men in college," said one, "why the Jews kept Saturday as the Sabbath, while Christions observe Sunday. Not one could tell me, and yet the majority of them undoubtedly belonged to church-going families."

'Another teacher said: "Ignorance of the Bible is not confined to the girls and boys. I was seated at a lecture lately beside a young matron, a leader of society especially devoted to music. The lecturer quoted from the Twenty-third Psalm, adding, 'As the sweet singer of Israel tells us.'

'"My neighbor looked puzzled for a moment, and then, nodding cheerfully, whispered, 'He means Mendelssohn, of course.'"

'It is an unwelcome fact that while the practical truths of Christianity are now taught in Christian homes, the Bible is not read or studied or committed to memory by the children as it was in past generations, not only in devout families, but in many of those where the parents were not members of Christian churches.

How can any soul travel through life by the aid of a map which it does not know?—'Forward.'

Driving vs. Drawing.

I was one day trying to drive a flock of turkeys out of my garden; but the intruders hopped hither and thither, over the beds, across the paths, everywhere except towards the gate where I wanted them to make their exit. I was ready to give up the chase in despair, when the maid who had charge of the fowls suddenly appeared at the entrance with a vessel containig food in her hand, and began to call the turkeys. Instantly, with one consent, the whole flock flew along the pathway towards the girl, who then easily led them out of the garden.

I could not but reflect that this homely incident presented a salutary lesson for all Christian workers, all who are endeavoring in any capacity to cause trespassers to forsake the forbidden ways of sin and turn to God. Attempt to drive sinners with hard words, unloving looks, or harsh judgments, and the result will be vexation and disappointment to yourself. Allure them with the sweet invitations of the Gospel, attract them with the food of the soul, the bread of life, and you will lead them to the gate of life. 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.'—J. C. Trotter, in 'Light in the House.'

Indian Famine Children.

Sidney, Nov. 26, 1900.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,

Dear Sirs,—My class in Sabbath-school wish to do their best to support for one year one of the Indian famine children. We notice in an American paper that $15.00 will cover expenses of food, clothing and religious instruction for one year, but it is to be sent through that paper. Now we take the 'Northern Messenger in our Sunday-school, and we would rather send it through our own paper and country. Kindly let us know if you will handle it for us quarterly. Address,

Mrs. J. McELREA,
Sidney, Man.

The publishers of the 'Messenger' will gladly take charge of such a subscription and forward moneys, should any be sent us, to any agency in India for the care of orphans which the subscribers may name. If we were to suggest we should mention the work of Pundita Ramabai, which is purely a native work, Mrs. Ramabai being a most devout and heroic Christian, or the work of Mrs. Borup, in Gujerat, of whose hardships and utter devotion those who read the Montreal 'Witness' have some notion through her own letters. Mrs. Borup is in India under the Christian Alliance. We are mentioning non-denominational works in which readers of the 'Messenger' could better co-operate with each other, but we shall be equally pleased to forward denominational gifts to specified denominational missions. What we are anxious about is that the givers should in all cases designate the channel through which they wish their bounty to flow.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN GALATIANS.

Jan. 6, Sun.—We have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law.

Jan. 7, Mon.—I am crucified with Christ.

Jan. 8, Tues.—Christ liveth in me.

Jan. 9, Wed.—I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.

Jan. 10, Thur.—Received ye the Spirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?

Jan. 11, Fri.—Abraham believed God.

Jan. 12, Sat.—It was accounted to him for righteousness.

'World Wide' is a journal of literary distinction, and is offered at an exceedingly low price.

BOYS AND GIRLS

By the Night Express.

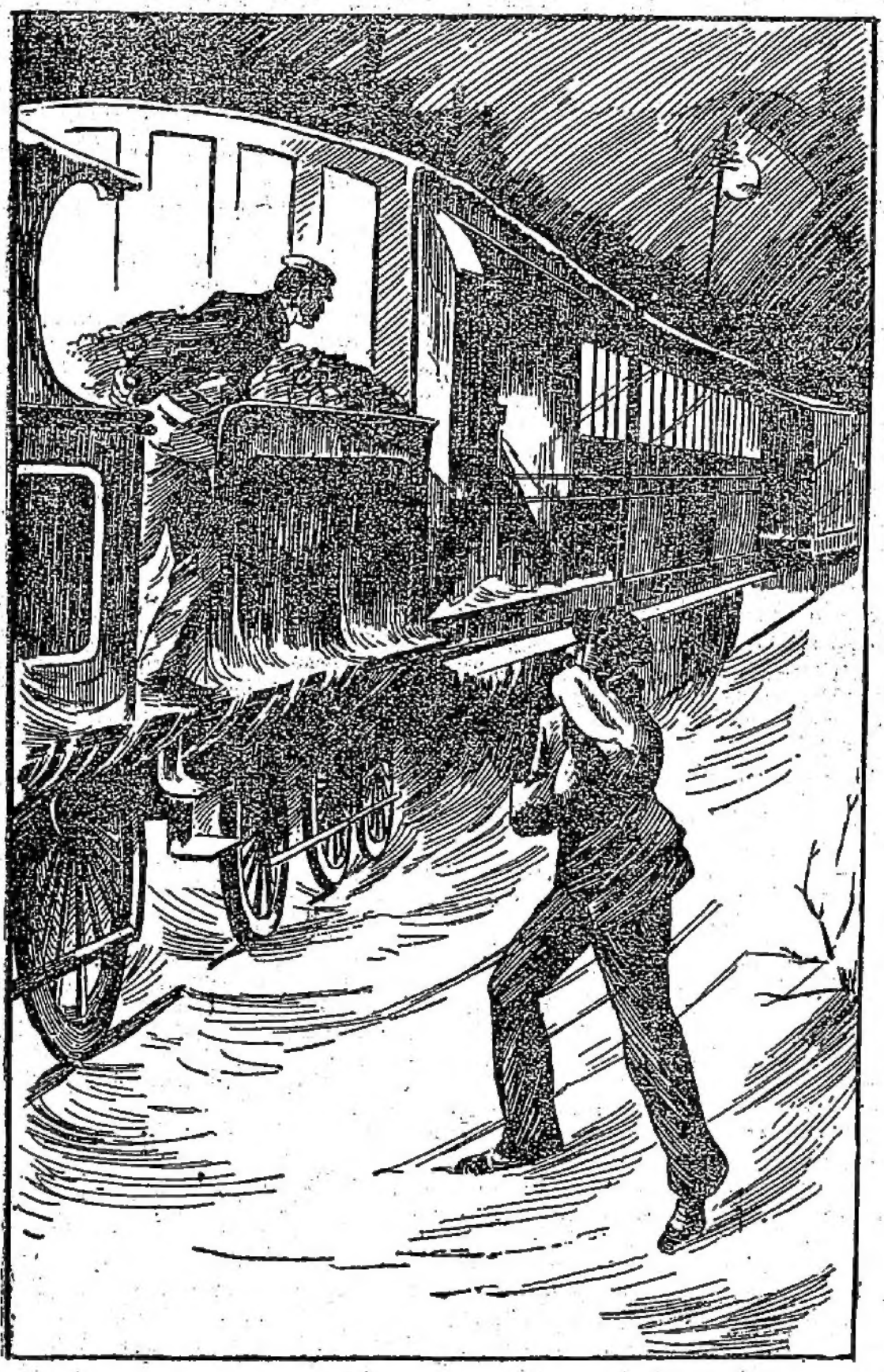
(By 'Carruthers Ray,' Author of 'A Man and a Brother,' etc.)

('Home Words.')

CHAPTER I.—THE BURDEN BEARERS.

When the night express, which passes through Kenlock at 8.15 p.m., and is due at Fentonbroad five minutes before midnight, was snowed up for six hours two miles from the village station of Thorntonwold, no reporter noted the fact that it was an exceptional circumstance. In fact, so full were the newspapers with forecasts of the international complications over a crisis in the East that the directors of the railway found no difficulty in hushing up the true account of the accident. There had been a moderately heavy snowfall for a week, and deep drifts had blocked the hilly sections of north country lines; but Thorntonwold lies bare and unprotected—a hamlet of a few dozen cottages—with neither hill nor dale for miles around. Past the village station the rails seem to converge into a single line drawn straight across country. It is true that a mile before the express dashes through Thorntonwold it skirts round a knoll, topped by a high hedge, and it is possible that careless newspaper readers may have imagined that the permanent way was blocked at this point.

Strangely enough there was a slight mishap there on the night of the accident, and to the very train which was subsequently snow-bound. The last five carriages and the guard's van broke away, owing to the snapping of the screw connection, the chain links having been left unfastened. The delay necessitated by the backing of the forepart of the train, and the recoupling of the carriages, made the express more than three-quarters of an hour late in passing Thorntonwold. Two miles further on the engine plunged into a drift about six feet deep, and ploughed forward for some yards.



'THE LAST FIVE CARRIAGES AND THE GUARD'S VAN BROKE AWAY.

Then the driver felt a slight concussion, and the train came suddenly to a standstill. His first impression was that he had been deceived in the depth of the drift, or that his engine had left the line before entering the snow; otherwise it appeared impossible that six feet deep should have stopped the train.

The newspaper reports simply added that twelve hours later the line was cleared and the journey continued. Also that one passenger, Sir George Rollit, the well-known judge, had refused to wait cooped up in the disabled train, prefering to walk on to Caston, where he caught a 'special.' It was also stated that urgent family reasons had led him to risk the exposure of the three miles walk across country.

It is not difficult to imagine what would have been made of the affair had it been known that a deliberate attempt to wreck the train had only been foiled owing to the unusually heavy fall of snow. When the relief gang of men dug away the snow they discovered that the engine had cleared a heavy iron obstacle, fixed across the line, and that it was jammed in front of the first wheels of the tender. Had the drift been two or three feet deep only, the train, running at a fast pace, must have been derailed. Why a snowy night should have been chosen for the perpetration of the outrage no one who knew the details could explain. However, it is possible that the fact that the line is closely watched in all but the most inclement weather may have accounted for the choice. It seemed likely that the snow had been cleared to enable the fixing of the iron bar, and subsequently shovelled back to prevent the possibility of a premature discovery. Happily, for hours after, a blizzard had raged, and fresh drifts of snow had been blown across the line. These drifts undoubtedly saved the express by checking its speed before the iron bar was reached.

* * * * *

Bound up with this mystery of the line—for the perpetrator of the outrage has never been discovered by the police—is the story I have to tell of Stephen Grant, who, with his wife and boy, lived in one of the outlying cottages of Thorntonwold. I say 'outlying,' but it is doubtful if Stephen's home was really within the parish bounds. It stood alone about a quarter of a mile from the main line. The whistle of the express was often the last sound that the inmates of the cottages heard before sleep closed their tired eyes.

On the night of the accident trouble was like a heavy burden upon Stephen and his wife. As a wayfarer, weighed down with a load, trudges silently, almost sullenly, forward, so were these two following the road of life. They saw no stray gleam of light on their path, and their gaze was bent downward, so that they could not note the first signs of a silver lining to the clouds.

Danny, their only boy, ten years old, was worse; that was all. Danny's blue eyes haunted them; they seemed to dance about the tiny room, now to the hearthrug, where he was fond of lying stretched before the cheerful blaze, now to the time-blackened grandfather's chair, where he would nestle, now to his mother's face, now to his father's, and when his eyes rested there they were full of trust. For the boy did not know he had been sentenced to lie on his back for months—perhaps years. The injured spine might be cured—but no, Danny's father had had to thrust the thought from him; he had no money to pay a great surgeon's fees.

At last the boy fell asleep, and furtive glances from father and mother stole to his bedside. Then the two looked at one another.

'Don't thee worry, wife,' Stephen whispered, hoarsely. He tried to make his voice come gently, but the effort was wasted.

Her mouth twitched, but she made no answer save to stroke his hand.

'"Tisn't always right to think—think of the morrer,' he said brokenly; 'no, nor of days that's gone. He's got to-day fashioned out for us.'

'But termorrow'll come,' she answered, 'and a heap o' days; and every one will be like as if all the joy was taken out of it. 'Twas such a little thing—just a trip. Nobody would call it a fall. And there; it can't be cured; can't be touched, not if you give up months to it—aye, and money to it.'

The child moved uneasily in his sleep. The mother's eyes were quick to see his restlessness.

'Come,' she whispered.

Noiselessly the two left the room, and crept across to the kitchen.

There they talked in low tones far into the night. Stephen earned good wages on a neighboring farm; but what was eighteen shillings a week? It could not meet the new sudden call.

The distant scream of the night express turned the current of Stephen's thoughts. He had honestly tried to lighten the sorrow of his wife, but now her burden seemed to be added to his own.

She had gone to the next room, and he was alone. Strange, unsummoned thoughts assailed him. He let his mind dwell on them until at length they seized possession of his brain.

'How could he get money? It was money that would save his boy—the doctor had said so; said it, too, with pity, which he took no pains to hide, "I wish I could advance something to you myself," he had said. The rich world was far beyond the cottage—beyond the village. And even if it were near the rich world mightn't care. But wait; there was one line with the people who had enough and to spare. The scream of the engine sounded like "Clear the way; we are rich and can do as we like. Clear the way!" Suppose some night the way were not clear. Suppose there were a great accident. Suppose he—Stephen Grant—were there in the nick of time to help the rich folk from the shattered train. Would they not reward him? Some, too, might have to feel like little Danny, and then they would care.'

He started from his brooding as though a man had struck him. Of what had he been thinking? Surely he had not been hoping for an accident to happen. If it were so, God forgive him!

He rose to his feet, and at the instant the whistle of an engine came shrilly to his ears. Again and again the sound was repeated.

'There must be something wrong for her to do that,' he said to himself. Softly he picked his way across the passage, the whistle still dinning in his ears.

'I'm going to see what th' express be after,' he told his wife. 'I'll be back presently if 'tis naught wrong.'

He put on a great coat before venturing out. It was snowing heavily, great grey flakes dropping noiselessly out of the coal-black sky overhead. Ther was no wind and little frost. Stephen plunged along a narrow path, which had been cleared of the previous day's fall; but he none the less sank in it half way to his knees. As he pushed forward he wondered if his waking dream had been a kind of warning to him of what had actually happened. Had there really been an accident? The whistling had stopped; but as he turned out of the lane into the field which led to the line, he caught sight of the lights of the train.

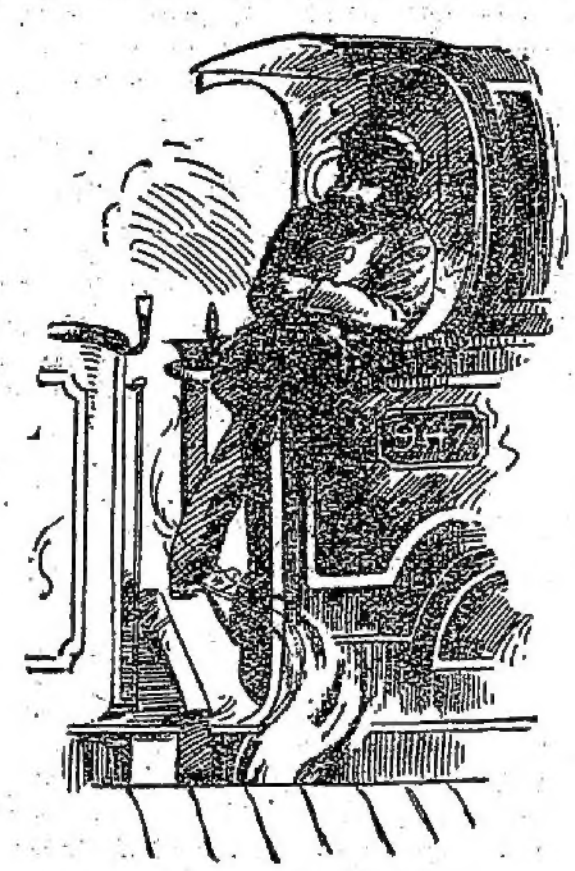
'She be at a standstill, anyway,' he muttered. Another hundred yards and he saw the express wrapped in a winding sheet of snow. The engine was buried to the buffers, and the red glow from the furnace shone out on the white drift as though it came from the open door of some hospitable mansion.

'What's up?' shouted Stephen to the driver.

"We're fast in a drift,' he answered. 'Who are you? Where are you from?'

Stephen explained.

'If you can get hot stuff—food and drink—for the passengers, you can ask what you



'"WE'RE FAST IN A DRIFT."'

like for it,' he said. 'We're the last train over the line to-night; and, besides, the guard's gone along to the station, so all's safe—safe to be here for hours, too,' he added with a brave attempt at humor. 'She went plump in; first staggered a bit, and seemed to bounce; then settled down quiet as a lamb. Snow must have banked solid, I should say.'

A window shot down and a man's head appeared.

'Hi, there!' shouted a voice.

'Go along and see what he wants. I reckon it's tea,' said the driver, with a trace of contempt.

CHAPTER II.—SNOW-BOUND.

Stephen Grant climbed on to the footboard of the carriage. The window had been promptly closed as soon as the passenger had seen that his summons was heard. In answer to a sign, Stephen unlocked the door.

'Come in out of the cold,' said the passenger shortly. He was an old man, muffled in furs. Deep-set, piercing eyes, and a determined mouth did not prepossess one in his favor. 'I am Sir George Rollit,' he continued; 'it is of the utmost importance that I should reach London early to-morrow. Is there any conveyance to be had? I must drive to the next station on the line.'

'The roads are too deep in snow,' began Stephen.

'Then I walk. How far is it to the nearest station on the other side of the drift?'

'Three miles, sir—possibly a bit more; but 'tis fearful heavy going.'

'That is obvious, my man,' answered Sir George, more genially. 'The question is, are you willing to guide me? Do you know the road?'

'I'll do my best, sir; but there's no sign o' a road to find by the short way to Caston. The line curves a matter of five miles, but by the fields we save——'

'That will do.' Sir George rolled up his heavy coat, and strapped it tightly. 'If you can carry this, and show me the way to Caston, you shall not be the loser.'

Five minutes later the two had started, Sir George slipping and stumbling, and making but slow progress in the darkness, Stephen doing his best to pilot the old man safely.

'If we go by the cottage,' he suggested, 'I can get a lantern.'

'By all means,' was the quick reply.

At the cottage Sir George declared that he was too short of breath to go on at once. 'A rest and something hot will put fresh life into me,' he said.

As the water boiled the visitor's gruffness thawed.

'How many of you live here?' he asked Mrs. Grant.

'Only my husband and the little lad,' she answered.

The shadow of a great anxiety passed across Sir George's face.

'I wonder if I have a little lad—now,' he spoke the thought unconsciously aloud. A minute later he had roused himself; and after his cup of coffee he was for going on at once.

'We must be starting afresh,' he said. 'I shall not forget your services, Mrs. Grant, rendered at a most untimely hour.' Then he strode out into the night, Stephen following with a lantern.

For a full mile scarcely a word was spoken. They advanced very slowly, the old man needing a light and careful directions whenever the smallest obstacle barred the way. Constant halts were made, the baronet breathing heavily. It was clear enough

that the need must have been great to have induced him to brave the rigors of such a night. The snow had ceased, and it was freezing hard, with a sharp wind stirring.

'I must go moderately, moderately,' he said to Stephen. 'Imagine you have your little lad coming after you. I am sure I feel as weak as a child.'

'He's crippled, sir,' said Stephen; 'been crippled this month past. We don't know as he'll ever put his foot to the ground again. Everything do seem as dark as 'tis to-night, now that Danny's laid up to bed.'

'I can sympathize with you.' The words came with an effort.

For the next ten minutes Stephen forgot that he was acting as guide. They had

crossed the fields and joined the main road, where the snow was harder. He was thinking—with half-numbed brain—over and over again, that he wished a rich man's sympathy could be turned into coin of the realm.

'I—I think we'll rest—rest a moment or two. It is more sheltered here.' Sir George was breathless again, for Stephen had unintentionally increased the pace when they reached level ground.

Strange thoughts had been passing across the mind of the baronet, and before they again started he spoke.

'Come close to me, man. I want to speak to you. About this little lad of yours, how old is he?'

'Nigh eleven, sir.'

'I have a son that age.'

There was a pause.

'You think that the good things all fall to the share of the wealthy. It is not true. I have heard it again and again, seen it in the eyes of poor wretches in the dock, felt that they were envying me. How little they knew.'

Stephen looked at the old man uneasily. He was not sure that the strain and exposure were not proving too much for his charge.

'I'll tell you,' he burst out again. 'For as I believe God loves me, I will make it equal between your son and mine. If my little Hal lives and gets better, your boy shall have all the doctors can do for him. Pray for him, then, as you'd pray for your own son.'

So these two tramped forward, leaving deep tracks behind them, Stephen scarcely knowing whether his companion were sane, the baronet arguing with God as though he were the advocate and his boy the prisoner of death.

At the station the outlook was desolate enough. A special train had been telegraphed for, but it was not likely to be at Caston before midnight. The baronet made himself as comfortable as he could in the waiting-room.

'Look here, my man,' he had said to Stephen, before they parted, 'I meant what I promised just now. If the boy gets better—I fear there is little hope of it—your lit-

'FIVE MINUTES LATER THE TWO HAD STARTED.'

tle lad shall have all the care my boy has had.' He made a note of Stephen's name and address, and then, under a sudden impulse, held out his hand.

'We'll shake hands on it,' he said. 'Never think you have all the troubles in your line of life, Stephen Grant.'

Stephen started on his homeward tramp, wondering whether it could be true that he was richer by half a sovereign and a promise.

CHAPTER III.—JUDGE AND PRISONER.

Here a word must be said of another strange link between the lives of Stephen Grant and Sir George Rollit.

It was Mary Grant who recognized the name of the judge.

'Twas he tried Robert. I knew it as soon as you told me his name,' she said, the morning following the accident. 'He hasn't much pity, I fancy. No wonder Robert said he was dead against him from the first.'

Robert Nash was Mrs. Grant's eldest brother—a man who had taken a wrong turn early in life, and had at length been convicted of falsifying his employer's books in the bank in which he held a position of trust.

The sentence was a harsh one, perhaps needlessly so, but in any case the prisoner brooded over revenge during two years of hard labor. It is possible the thought of paying back the judge turned his brain, for on being released he dogged the steps of Sir George Rollit with fixed intention to be 'even with him, by fair means or foul.'

A letter received by his sister, Mrs. Grant, suggests that he was scarcely responsible for his actions when he came near to committing a horrible crime a fortnight after his discharge. The letter ran thus:—

'Dear Sis,—I've done it. Something told me it was the only chance I'd ever have. I thought revenge would be sweet, but it's bitter as gall. I put the iron bar across the [illegible] nearly opposite your little place; I knew who was in the train. Then I ran for it, and by this time I'm out of the country. If I've killed him, or any one, I'll do for myself.

'Your hopeless brother,

'BOB.'

The letter was a fearful shock to Stephen and his wife. The very man whom they had received into their home that snowy night was the judge Robert Nash had meant to murder. He it was who had thrown a ray of hope across their lives. How could they receive any help from him now?'

'Poor Bob! What must he be thinking? What can we do?' sobbed Mrs. Grant. 'I know he'll kill himself before he hears the train escaped. Can't we telegraph or do anything to let him know?'

Of course it was impossible; and the two could only wait in an agony of suspense.

At last, three days later, they received another letter; years seemed to have passed since the first had come. Judging from the contents, Robert Nash had stayed his foot on the brink of the precipice. He was utterly broken down. The awful horror of his position had flashed upon him. Now he had been saved—saved by a miracle, it seemed to him; and his only hope was that if such mercy was for a wretch like himself God had yet further mercy for him.

. . . . . .

I set out to give the bare facts connected with the Thorntonwold accident—the facts that is to say, which did not appear in the public press. I have done this at far greater length than I intended. The reader, however, may be sufficiently interested in Stephen Grant to know the outcome of the providence which brought Sir George Rollit to his home.

The last time I saw Stephen he was the happiest man in all England. The little lad had passed through an operation in a great hospital in London and was doing well. The news seemed too good to be true. Mrs. Grant was with her boy, or, rather, to be quite accurate, she was in lodgings close to the hospital. Every penny of expense was being borne by Sir George Rollit, who had fulfilled his promise to the letter.

Some time had elapsed before Stephen and his wife could bring themselves to accept Sir George's generous offer. 'I wish to do my utmost for your boy,' he wrote, 'as a thank-offering to God for the recovery of my child. I hope I should have done the same even had my Hal been taken from me. I have other reasons for deep gratitude. On the very day I was snowbound near your cottage, I had received a threatening letter from a man who said

'SNOW-BOUND FOR TWELVE HOURS.'

he intended to pay me out for some imagined injury I had done him. I tell you this that you may never again think that troubles only touch the poor. We all have our burdens. God give us grace to bear them, and help bear the load of every heavy-laden fellow creature who needs our aid.'

Such is the story of the night express, which was snow-bound for twelve hours near Caston. The accident happened years ago, but the details, as I have related them in the foregoing pages, have never been printed.

How the Mate Saved my Life.

When my sister and I were children, we, being the daughters of a sailor, knew no greater pleasure than that of sitting at our father's feet and listening to the stories of his actual adventures and scrapes.

I cannot say that these bore much resemblance to the wildly sensational stories of the present day, which have such a misleading effect on young readers, and which create such false impressions, especially with regard to life at sea.

My father always said that a sailor's life was a hard one, and that, so far from having a chance of engaging in adventure in foreign lands, his days on shore were few and far between.

Still he could charm us with many tales of peril, exposure and shipwreck; but he described real scenes in which he had been an actor. He commenced his career at sea in sufficiently stirring times, when the victories of Nelson were the theme on every tongue. I will give one of his stories—a very simple one—as he told it.

'I had no right to go to sea,' he said. 'I was the oldest of a family of boys, and should have stayed at home to enter into business, as my father's health was failing. But I had a perfect craze for a sailor's life, and was resolved to gratify it at all hazards. I went on my trial voyage, and was about as ill and miserable as a lad could be.'

'You were not obliged to go again, I suppose?' said I.

'No, but if I stayed on shore I knew how my boy companions would have joked me, and said that Jack had 'swallowed the handspike' first voyage. Plenty of lads would turn back after a trial trip if it were not for fear of being thought cowards. So I made up my mind to it, and became as proud of my profession as any sailor living.

'I was only fourteen when my articles

were signed, and I went on board a second time, with my mother's tears wet on my cheeks, and my father's prayers and blessings sounding in my ears. Things were very different then from what they are nowadays. It was war time, and merchant vessels had other perils to encounter than those which belong to a sailor's lot.

'There were not only the great and wide sea, the wind and the storm which fulfil the word of him who created them, but there were the vessels of the enemy on every side, ready to attack defenceless merchantmen.

'We rarely heard from home. Opportunities of sending letters were comparatively few, and of those sent few reached the hands for which they were intended.

'I was several times in England, but for more than three years I never saw home or parents; but at last there seemed a chance of my getting home.

'It was late in the year, and I was looking forward to eating my Christmas dinner in the old house once more, with the dear familar faces around me, and the loved voices in my ears. We were off the coast of Norway and homeward bound, when our vessel sprung a leak. After striving and working until strength was exhausted and hope gone, we were compelled to take to the boats.

'We were but ill-protected, for we had worked at the pumps to the last moment. Our clothes, damp on our backs, froze into stiffness, and the men who were not actually rowing became benumbed and drowsy. They fell asleep as they sat, poor fellows! to wake no more in this world.

'They died from cold and exposure, at their post, and yet looking so life-like as they sat that it was hard to tell the living from the dead. It was only when at length the boats were brought to shore by the aid of some Norwegian fisher folk, that we found out the difference: found that some of our comrades had made their last voyage, and landed on the unknown shores whence none return.'

'How did you keep awake?' inquired Annie, as my father paused for a moment.

'Ah, I forgot to tell you that. The first mate was in our boat, and he was very fond of me, though I hardly know why. Perhaps having been better educated than most of the lads he had to do with, I gave him less trouble. At any rate, he liked me, and I was fond of him.

'On this occasion he showed his affection in what I can call a very striking manner. When I showed signs of drowsiness, he thrashed me soundly with a rope's end, and compelled me to keep awake.

'As a boy, he thought me even more liable to fall asleep than the stronger men around me, so, to save me, he made my shoulders and arms ache with something more than cold. I got warm with rubbing the places where the rope's end had descended with such powerful effect, and I can tell you I was black and blue for many days after in consequence. It was dreadful to want to sleep as I did, and to be compelled to keep awake by the application of a rope's end.'

'It was horribly cruel!' and, 'What a shame to beat you, poor father!' were the exclamations which fell from our thoughtless young lips.

'You forget, children,' said my father; 'no doubt the rope's end carried a sting with it, but those hard blows saved my life. It was affection, not anger, which nerved the mate's arm to administer them.

'You know what Book it is which says: "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

'Surely I experienced the truth of these words, even when my limbs ached and my bruised flesh bore witness to the strength of the hand which wielded the scourge.

'Aye, children! And we may all learn another lesson from this little story of peril passed through and life preserved. Had I slept at the time I told you of I should have died.

'A gentle touch, or even the entreaties of my friend, the mate, would have proved of no avail. I needed a sharp remedy, which would give pain enough to arouse me, and leave sting enough to keep me awake. Often you and I are still in danger of falling into a worse slumber than the sleep I spoke of, or perhaps we are actually slumbering, and do not hear the voice which calls, "Awake, thou that sleepest," or "Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."

'The voice of our Heavenly Friend bidding us "Awake to righteousness, and sin not," falls on dull ears and passes unheeded. The mercies sent fail to remind us how little we deserve them, or to arouse us to thankfulness of heart and holiness of life. So, then, to save us from eternal death, our Friend takes scourge in hand and smites us—always in love and for our good, "for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

'Afterwards, though we may have smarted under the blow, we are ready to kiss the hand that wielded the scourge, and thank him for life—yea, eternal life, God's gift through Jesus Christ our Lord.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

A Case of Conscience.

'He's paid too much.'

Ned's fingers were rapidly turning over two or three bills.

'Yes—three dollars too much. He must have thought this five dollar bill was a two.'

The boy sat for a few moments in deep thought.

'I don't care. It's no more than my rightful due—only I don't get it. Twelve dollars a month for my whole time out of school. It doesn't begin to pay for all I do, and I wouldn't stand it if I could help myself. Everybody says old Curtis is a real grind. Of course, I shall keep this. He gave it to me. If he has made a mistake, that's his own lookout. That settled, what shall I do with this lucky windfall? I am to have a half holiday the last Saturday in the month. This would give me a run down to the shore. I never get out of the city. It seems as if this had come just to give me a chance.'

Carefully laying the money in a safe place, Ned quickly absorbed himself in study. All the week he took little time for thought. It was easy to avoid it, for between work and study, few boys were so busy as he. Night found him so 'dead tired' that the sound sleep which blesses labor was his rich reward. There came a night or two in which he had to fight hard against a troublesome, intrusive thought. By the aid of some intricate calculations he succeeded in refusing entertainment to the unwelcome visitor. As the time drew near, he laid all his plans for seashore frolic. And when early sleep seemed to evade him, he strove to fix his mind upon his anticipated pleasure. But far into the last Friday night in the month he got up, lit his lamp and gazed fixedly into his mirror.

'Ned Harper, you're a thief.'

Pausing for a moment as if to familiarize himself with the sound of his self-accusation he resumed:

'You are and you know it. That is, you are so long as that money is in your hands. It is not yours, and all your fine talk can't make it so. You're on the right side of it now, but in one day you would have been on the wrong side. You would have been a thief, thief, thief, all your life. Nothing could ever have blotted it out. Nothing could ever have put you back where you are now by the grace of God.'

'You made a mistake in your last payment,' said Ned, going with the money to his employer.

'Ah, did I?' When did you find it out?'

He looked keenly at the boy's painful flush, as he asked. Ned had hoped he would not ask. For a moment he thought of evading the question by a half truth. Then came the thought: 'Because I came next door to being a thief, I needn't come next door to being a liar.'

'I—saw it soon after,' he said.

'Like enough he'll discharge me,' was Ned's conclusion in the matter. But he was not discharged. Little by little Mr. Curtis placed more important work in his hands, and by slow degrees led him up to a position of trust and confidence.

'I have kept him,' he explained to a friend, 'because I like a young fellow who has a conscience.'—Sydney Dayre, in New York 'Observer.'

The Master and His Laborers

The Master sat on the great white throne,
The toil of the day was done.
Around him were the laborers,
And thus he said to each one:
'I have done great things for thee,
What to-day hast thou done for me?'

'I've labored hard with heart and hand,
To build a structure worthy thee,
I've borne the burden of the day,
And done it, Master, willingly.'
And the Master said, 'Well done.'

'My voice, dear Lord, I used for Thee,
And sang the story old and sweet,
Till burdened souls looked up again
And humbly sought the Saviour's feet.'
And the Master said, 'Well done.'

'Thy word I've preached in foreign clime,
Encountered dangers without end,
Upheld the flag of truth divine.
Till heathen souls claimed Thee as friend.'
And the Master said, 'Well done.'

'My feet on errands swift have fled,'
One smaller than the rest replied,
'My day was filled with little things,
My best in each to do I tried.'
The Master smiled and said, 'Well done.'

'Has My poor lamb done aught to-day?'
The Master asked in kindly tone,
His face with sweet compassion filled,
To one disease had claimed his own.

'Oh, Master!' humbly she replied,
'My day was spent in idleness,
I come with empty hands to thee,
Oh, pity me in my distress,
I could not work, but 'mid the pain
I smiled for thee and bore the same.'

The Master's face was full of love,
'Thy deed the angels will record,
'Tis not th' abundance of work done
That meriteth the great reward,
But she the great reward may claim
Who smiled for me amid her pain.'

—Alice A. Ferguson, in the 'Witness.'

Mottoes for the New Year.

The 'Daily News Weekly' once secured New Year mottoes from a number of celebrated men; we append a few:

Sir Wilfrid Lawson's characteristic message ran—'War on earth, Ill will to men.'

G. F. Watts—I can only give you one I invented for myself: 'The utmost for the Highest.'

Thomas Hardy—'Be it as our gods will have't!'—'Antony and Cleopatra,' Act. II., Sc. 1.

Israel Zangwill—'Not thine to complete the work, yet neither art thou free to lay i down.'—From the 'Talmud.'

Dr. Watson, (Ian Maclaren)—Let us guard our national heritage, and carry on the mission of our race in the world. Let us give to every man within the bounds of our Empire the opportunity of work, of knowledge, and of justice. Let us be of good courage, and fear the Lord God of our fathers.

Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London:—

'Oh! earlier shall the roses blow,
In after years, those happier years;
And children weep, when we lie low,
Far fewer tears, far softer tears.
'Oh! true shall boyish laughter ring,
Like tinkling chimes in happier times,
And merrier shall the maiden sing,
And I not there, and I not there.'

Early Toilers and the Church

Having heard that the ancient church of Allhallows-in-the-Wall had recently thrown open its doors at half-past six in the morning for the benefit of the early ones, I bent my steps (writes a representative of the 'Daily News') towards that narrow old highway we call London Wall, and found myself one of a number of young people—girls and women—who passed through the open door, and entered with them.

At this hour Allhallows-on-the-Wall is warm and comforting; the soft light of electricity in the two cressets in the aisle suffuses a sufficient illumination upon an interior which is not very imposing or spacious. We seat ourselves, and, folding out hands, watch the day as it slants furtively through the many windows, thick with London smoke. At half-past six o'clock on this frosty morning it is as misty, mystic an interior as I ever saw. But there are other matters to notice. In the aisles are small tables, upon which lie many books. Seeing some of the girls helping themselves, I did the same. They were not books of devotion, for the Bible, the prayer-book and hymnals were in the sets. Those on the tables were volumes of popular history, of Rome, England and other countries; bound volumes of good magazines—not the sensational ones; many of Miss Young's novels, and others of their class.

As the church grew lighter and the electric bulbs faded into soft, faint illumination, we were joined by group after group of girls and young women. The instinctive reverence for things which most of us regard as holy, impelled each of them to bend in prayer for a moment. Then the bags and books, the luncheons, the parcels were carefully put down on the seat, and, having composed her attire, as even the most devoted servant of the church will, she either takes up her own volume and begins to read, or helps herself quietly to one of those in the aisle. Others, without a literary bent, bring out a piece of knitting or other work, and industriously ply the needles. A few leant back, and, probably overcome by short hours in bed, the journey and the unusual warmth, began to meditate, and quietly slumbered. The old oak pulpit is empty. We pass away as we choose the hour of waiting for our factories and offices to open. The only commandments are that no one shall eat, no one shal read a newspaper, and no one shall talk. Although the pulpit is empty, the rector, Mr. Stone, has been amongst us from an early hour, but it is not until half-past seven that he begins the very brief and simple prayers.

Many work girls arrive in London a long time before their work begins, thus saving the difference between the twopenny ticket for the toilers' train and the sevenpence, or more, which is charged for the ordinary trains. This period they spend in gloomy, wind-swept stations, in not over-good company, too often. Hence this curious innovation.

The Angels of the Year

(By Helen F. Boyden.)

Two angels met in the hush of night,
And each held a written scroll:
One read, by the light of their vesture bright
The record of each human soul.

And often they smiled, but sometimes a tear
Would fall on the written past;
And sometimes in fear they closely drew near,
And held to each other fast.

And when they had finished the past year's scroll,
They turned to what was to be,
And read on the roll of each human soul
The revealings of destiny!

And saw how the past and the future met,
And the broken ends were tied;
And how there was yet opportunity set
For all of their hopes denied.

And one to her robe made the new scroll fast—
The record of what was to be;
But the scroll of the past was sealed and cast
Into a fathomless sea.

And they prayed for the souls of this untried year,
That the Father of mercy above
Might keep from all fear, though evil be near,
His people in tenderest love.

In parting they wept. For one angel there
The other could never recall—
Alone she must bear, through the hours of the year,
The joys and the sorrows of all.

Rules for Boys.

1. Pray at least twice every day.
2. Read your Bible, if only a few verses, every day.
3. Do all for Jesus.
4. Remember life is uncertain and death certain.
5. Put down (by God's grace) the sins of impurity, drunkenness, gambling and the like.
6. Do not be ashamed of your religion.
7. Attend a place of public worship on Sundays.
8. Beware of bad friends, bad thoughts, bad words, bad books, bad deeds.
9. Always remember these words: 'Thou God seest me.'

'Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers;
Onward, with the cross our aid;
Bear its shame and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.'

—E. Callinan, in 'Cottager and Artisan.'

The Doctor's Problem.

(By Faye Huntington, in 'Temperance Banner.')

'That is all, I think, at least so far as your work is concerned. But there is a matter that I have decided to speak to you about, and perhaps there will not be a better opportunity.'

It was a very kindly, gracious face that was turned toward the boy, who stood in a waiting attitude, having come for some directions in regard to the next morning's duties. The place of the interview of which I am telling was Dr. Homer's private office. The doctor, in comfortable dressing-coat and slippers, sat in a great easy chair before an open fire, his feet resting upon the fender. The evening paper slipped to the floor and the doctor toyed nervously with his spectacles as he talked.

'I want to say in the first place that I am quite satisfied with your work, and I think you have the making of a physician in you. I like your enthusiasm; it is an essential thing if you would be successful. I am pleased with your faithfulness. You seem so far to be following out Paul's injunction, "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit," and I hope you are "serving the Lord." But I think you are making a mistake, and I want to give you a mathematical problem to work out. You may take time for it out of your regular working hours and let me know the solution.'

The boy laughed a little nervously as he said, 'I'll try your problem, but mathematics is not my forte, and perhaps I'll fail.'

'Not likely! The question is this: If a boy begins smoking cigars at fifteen, averaging two a day for the first year, three a day for the next five years, and four a day for the next fifteen years, how much money will he have smoked away by the time he is thirty-six years old, computing interest at six percent and putting the cigars at an average of fifteen cents apiece, a very moderate estimate all around? Work it out, my boy, and let me know!'

John Caton left the office with a flush upon his face. Ever since that morning when the old doctor had come unexpectedly upon him, finding him smoking, he had looked for rebuke, and he knew the problem he had been set to work out was intended as a reproof. He found himself growing curious as to the answer and set to work upon the puzzle. Late hours for one or two evenings and long rows of figures with many multiplication and additions showed him a result that was a surprise to the boy. When he announced the solution to the doctor he said:

'Yes, quite a sum! By the way, that is about what Judge Walker paid for the Britton place last week! But then the judge does not smoke!'

'It is an expensive habit,' said John, 'and I don't think I can afford it.'

Twenty-five years have slipped away. Dr. Homer has retired from practice. His successor is Dr. John Caton. The old doctor is glad and proud of the growing popularity of the young man. He sometimes says with a merry twinkle in his eyes:

'John is a good physician; but I tell you he is a mathematical genius! He worked out a tremendous problem one day back in his boyhood, one not found in any textbook; but he got a correct solution!'

The Britton place was sold again the other day, and Dr. John Caton bought it for a home, having long had a fancy for the place. It brought a good price, but the young doctor has been laying up money. You know he does not smoke!

Don't miss a copy of 'World Wide.' Its first issue is now ready.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Habit of Defeat.

I knew a little girl once who had a habit of saying, 'I can't.' Her mother was an invalid, and her father a busy man, and so the saying went unrebuked during her childhood. Whenever a thing seemed too hard for her to do, she refused to attempt it, with the ever-ready formula, 'I can't do it.' She was not a naughty child, or a selfish one, but she never gained a victory over any hindrance, and she developed a habit of defeat.

So it went on, year after year, until one day, in the high school, she encountered an unusually hard algebra lesson. She went home with the old phrase. 'Mother, I can't learn algebra,' she said; and the mother, as usual, yielded to the announcement. 'Mary says she can't learn algebra,' she said to her husband, 'so I suppose she will have to give it up;' and Mary was allowed to drop the study, after a few protests from her father, which did not shake her conviction that algebra was impossible for her to learn.

Mary gave up her algebra. But as she went on, she met geometry; and she could not understand or conquer geometry because she had said, 'I can't' to algebra; and then, being a failure in mathematics, she was not allowed to graduate; and she could not enter the teachers' training class because she had not graduated; and, without a teacher's diploma, no position was open to her. That 'I can't' had shut the doors of her chosen profession against her. She had made for herself a habit of defeat that did not stop where she chose, but went on through the whole long chain of failure.

It was such a useless habit, too. It might just as well have been a habit of victory instead, for the things that this little Mary commenced by saying 'I can't' to were things that other little girls no brighter nor stronger than she, found that they could do, not very easily, perhaps, but by an effort that was not at all impossible to make. Perhaps they were ambitious, some of them, and said, 'I will!' or perhaps their parents were sterner than Mary's, and so they said to themselves, 'I must'; but, at any rate, none but Mary said, 'I can't!' and so they succeeded where she failed; and the more they succeeded, the more able they were to face the next difficult thing that might come, while poor Mary grew weaker with each lost battle.

OUR HOME PET.

The habit of victory is a very important habit to have. It is a courageous habit, and a cheerful habit, and a Christian habit, too. A girl who acquires this habit thoroughly will make a woman who will be useful to the world wherever she goes.

Whatever our lot in life calls us to do, we can do. Whatever our duty is, we can do. Whatever others, no stronger than we, can do, we can accomplish, too. Whatever God meant us to do, above all, we can perform.

'I can't!' is a cowardly phrase; it belongs to the cowardly habit of defeat—the habit of those who are beaten before they begin.

The habit of victory is what we need instead, and it is one we all can have. To try our best, and keep on trying; never to give up till a thing has been thoroughly conquered; ever to look ahead and toil ahead; always to 'put a cheerful courage on'—these are the elements of a victorious character, and the foundations of permanent happiness and success.—'Sabbath-School Visitor.'

Oh, How it Rains!

The wind it is roaring,
The rain it is pouring,
And Sissy and I have been out for a walk;
But isn't it lucky,
We both are so plucky,
The rain cannot scare us from laughter and talk!

I am her big brother,
(She hasn't another),
And she's all the sister that ever I had:
No girl could be nearer,
Or sweeter or dearer;
She's my little lassie, I'm her little lad.

—'Our Little Dots.'

Our Servants.

How often one hears the expression, 'I wish I had servants to wait upon me.'

It is a natural feeling; but the person who expresses the wish forgets, as indeed we all do, that we have servants, and are each in a small way ruler over a kingdom.

The kingdom varies in size as well as in influence and scope. It is long in shape, and very wonderful in its details. The form of government is monarchical, and the ruler is assisted by a trusty prime minister called Conscience. The office where decisions are reached and communicated to the extremities of the kingdom is placed in the upper portion of the realm, and is called the brain.

Perhaps the most useful of the servants are the twin hands. How trusty and faithful they are! As one looks at them, it is difficult to realize all they do. But stop and consider their service for one day, and think whether they receive due honor. Every other part is dependent upon them. They are wonderful in their construction, and are adapted for every practical and holy use.

Then there are the eyes, the ears, the tongue—'which boasteth great things'—the stomach, the lungs, the heart, and the feet, through which so many pleasures and duties come. Around and about all these cling the minor attendants of nerves, arteries, veins and muscles.

The wall surrounding the kingdom is built upon strong foundations, and the whole receives strength from the bony framework.

The question arises, How are these subjects to be treated?

To be useful servants they must be directed and well cared for, and so the first lesson to be learned is that of control. Self-control is the power of managing each subject so that it will do well whatever it should be capable of doing. When the ruler allows his servants to be governed by impulse, or for the gratification of one of the number at the expense of others, harm must surely result.

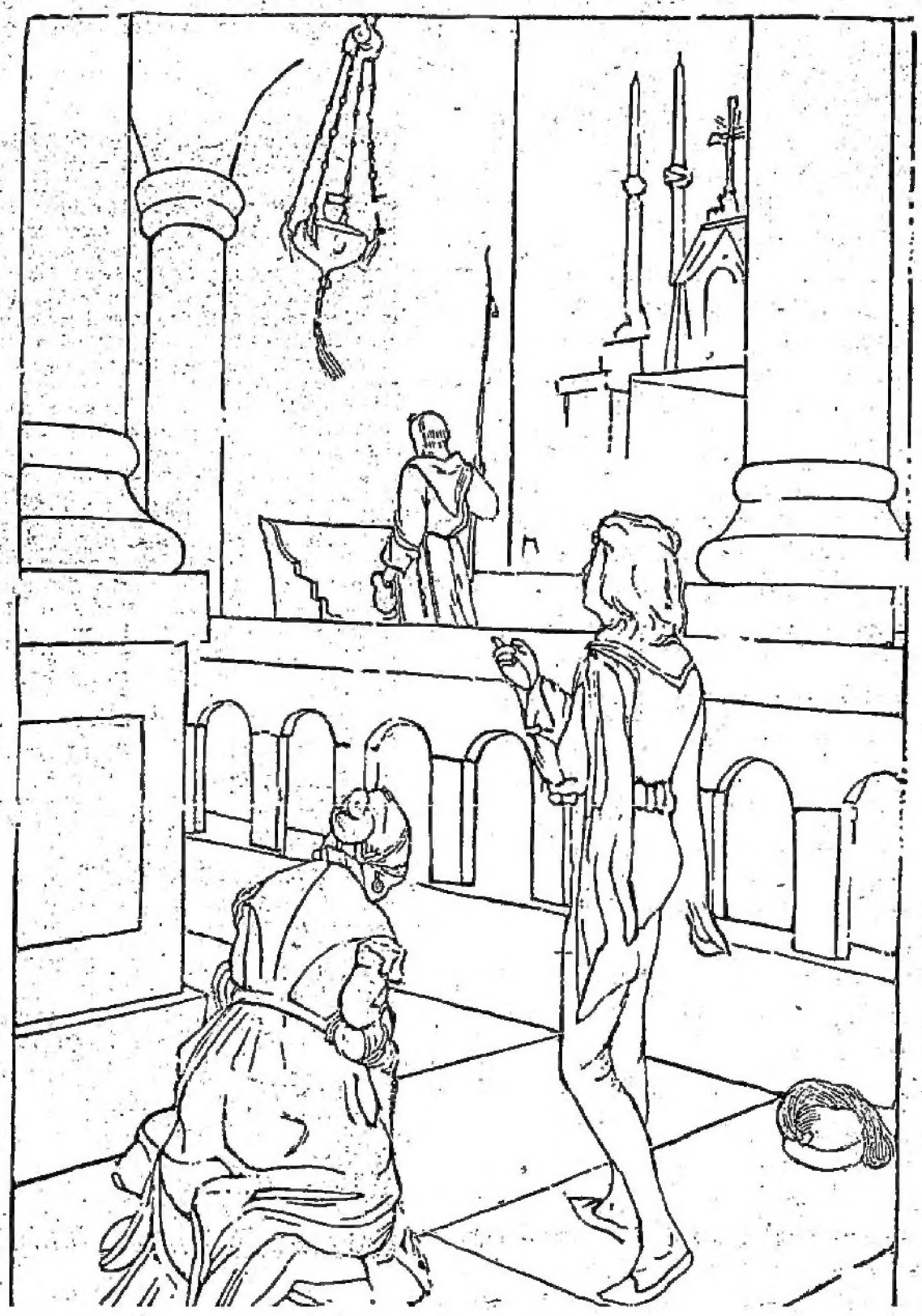
Thus, when the servant Taste has its likings constantly granted, the better servant, Stomach, feels the effect and suffers, and sends its painful impressions through the rest of the kingdom. Often this faithful stomach is abused by being constantly given unnecessary work to do from nibbling or eating between meals. Taste says it would like some sweets, cake or fruit, and the ruler thinks it ought to be gratified; so the feet are ordered to a shop, the eyes to select with the aid of the hands and tongue, and they bring to the taste sweets, cakes or tarts. The servant Stomach has to receive the delicacies, and set to work to make the best of them. It tries in vain and so gets out of order with the unnecessary strain, and when the regular time for proper nourishment comes it can receive and properly care for but little, or rebels and refuses to take anything.

Eyes need good care, and even a little abuse will so injure them that they will be useless rather than useful servants. Give them plenty of light and thoughtful treatment. Use them for good, and not as evil servants, and have them under wise control.

The ears must hear only what is good and lovely, and all the servants must be kept in safe control, and used for good, not evil.

Enemies to this kingdom must be fought and conquered. We each know our own dangers from enemies: one has to fight selfishness, another envy and pride, another laziness or carelessness. These enemies must not get the upper hand of brightness, bravery, unselfishness, purity, earnestness, or perseverance and activity.

Use the hands for loving, active service. Bring into good training the eyes, ears and tongue, by forcing them to receive and give out pure impressions. Practice common-sense, and so build up in all respects a strong and useful kingdom—a temple of the Holy Spirit. —'Juvenile Instructor.'



DRAWING LESSON.

As many men, so many minds. 'World Wide' reflects the thought of both hemispheres

LESSON II.—January 13.

The Triumphal Entry.

Matt. xxi., 6-16. Memory verses, 9-11. Study Matt. xxi., 1-17; Luke xix., 29-44.

Golden Text.

'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.'—Matt. xxi., 9.

The Bible Lesson.

6. And the disciples went, and did as Jesus commanded them,

7. And brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and they set him thereon.

8. And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way.

9. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.

10. And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this?

11. And the multitude said, This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee.

12. And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves,

13. And said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.

14. And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple; and he healed them.

15. And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David; they were sore displeased.

16. And said unto him, Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea, have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?

Suggestions.

The morning after the beautiful scene at Bethany, Jesus and his disciples set out for Jerusalem. As they reached Bethphage near the Mount of Olives, our Lord sent two of his disciples to a neighboring village to get an ass and a colt which they should find tied at a certain place. These they were to bring to Jesus, and if any one tried to hinder, they were to reply, The Lord hath need of them. Probably the animals belonged to some friend of our Lord who would be only too glad to lend them for his use, the disciples found everything as he had said and brought the ass and colt, spreading their garments on them for a saddle cloth.

Jesus rode into Jerusalem, in fulfillment of the prophecies of Isaiah (lxii., 11) and Zechariah (ix., 9). And the multitudes thronging behind and before in this glad procession cried, 'Hosanna,' and with enthusiasm cast their garments on the road for the Lord of glory to ride over. By thus riding into Jerusalem on an ass, the symbol of peace and humility, by thus fulfilling the prophecies concerning the Messiah, Jesus publicly offered himself as the Messiah to the immense concourse of devout Jews then assembled at Jerusalem. As he rode into the city the people were stirred, and kept asking one and another, Who is this? If he had then offered to set up a temporal kingdom, they would have been ready to crown him with enthusiasm. But Jesus, anxious rather for their eternal salvation than for their temporal allegiance, makes no effort to gain popular approval, he knows already of the cry of hate and murder which will, before the week is over, be rising from the lips of that same crowd.

At the beginning of his ministry Jesus had entered the temple and cleared it of noisy money-changers and merchants, in the name of his Father, (John ii., 13-16); again now, at the close of his earthly ministry he enters the temple and cast out all those who with buying and selling and bargain-driving, profane the sanctuary of the Most High. My house shall be called the house of prayer, said the Lord Jehovah through Isaiah, (lvi., 9), but as in the days of Jeremiah (viii., 11), the temple had been made by its frequenters a den of thieves.

As our Lord stood in the temple after sending away all the profane money-makers, many blind and lame persons heard that he was there and went to him with all haste to be healed of their various afflictions, and Jesus with infinite tenderness and sympathy, healed them all. Then the children in the temple began to cry out in praise to the Saviour, 'Hosanna to the son of David.' But when the chief priests and scribes saw his wonderful works and heard the praises which were rendered him, they were very angry and wanted our Lord to put a stop to it, but Jesus accepted the praise of the children and would not allow them to be hushed. Jesus went back to Bethany to lodge; thus ended the first Palm Sunday.

Questions.

On what day do we celebrate the triumphal entry? How did Jesus ride into Jerusalem? What prophecy did this fulfil? What did the people shout as he rode along? What did the people say when he reached the city? Was every one glad to see him? What did our Lord do to the traffickers in the temple? What did he do to the blind and lame? What did he do to the chief priests and scribes? Does Jesus love to have the children praise him?

Lesson Hymn.

All glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and service
Before Thee we present.

Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delighted,
Thou good and gracious King.

The Free Church Catechism.

5. Q.—What does Jesus say about himself?

A.—That he is the Son of God, whom the Father in his great love sent into the world to be our Saviour from sin.

6. Q.—What is sin?

A.—Sin is any thought or feeling or word or act, which either is contrary to God's holy law, or falls short of what it requires.

7. Q.—Say in brief what God's law requires.

A.—That we should love God with our whole heart, and our neighbor as ourselves.

8. Q.—Are we able of ourselves to do this?

A.—No; for although man was made innocent at the first, yet he fell into disobedience, and since then no one has been able, in his own strength, to keep God's law.

9. Q.—What are the consequences of sin?

A.—Sin separates man from God, corrupts his nature, exposes him to manifold pains and griefs, and, unless he repents, must issue in death eternal.

A teacher should be pointed. Some, when they have their subject, treat it as the earth does the sun—revolve round, but never come to it; and too often with this result—like the earth, they revolve in empty space.

The Teacher's Aim.

Another possibilty before the teacher is that of the conversion of the scholar. This is the ultimate aim of all proper instruction. This is the goal toward which all energy is directed. If this be not true, then the teacher should resign at once and give place to one who has that ideal and aim. Let not anyone think that it is only a child, and one need not be in any very great anxiety. A far greater work is done in the conversion of a child than in that of a most stalwart sinner. This is not according to the generally accepted idea of the church nor her ministers. The report of the conversion of adults is lauded and rejoiced over, while that of children is given with a tone of apology. What has an old sinner before him in the way of usefulness? Very little. His time is taken with helping himself. Indeed, he often takes a while church in a united effort to keep him on the way. His field lies behind him unploughed and uncultivated because of the weeds of a sinful life. Make up for lost time? Where? How? When? But with a child it is different. The field lies before him. Let him plough and sow for godliness and the harvest shall be eternal life for him, and eternal usefulness to others.

Two neighboring pastors held revival services. One man had but one seeker, and that a small boy. The other had 'a glorious revival' with many adults professing conversion and added to the church. The work of the pastor with but one boy convert was looked upon as of little consequence. But how differently God looks upon results. The little boy grew to manhood to become one of the greatest preachers our country ever saw, even Matthew Simpson.

When Robert Moffat was converted as the only result of a year's labor of a good old Scotch preacher, one of his parishioners visited him and said that his work was done, as the results, or rather want of them, showed. Saddened by the words of his parishioner the old dominie walked out to the graveyard and thus spoke with himself: 'For these many years I've ministered to this church, and many are the souls that have been converted unto God. But now perhaps it is true that my usefulness is ended, for only one little boy has been in evidence as the fruit of my labors. Many of these sleeping ones were laid away by me, and now my time will soon come to join them.' While he was thus engaged the boy found him and made known his desire for an education. The sequel lies in the unsurpassed missionary services of Robert Moffat. The old pastor lived to see the day when all England and Scotland rose up to do honor to Moffat, his once boy convert.—'Sunday School Teacher.'

The Class Collection.

How to train scholars to a habit of giving according to their ability is a question which at some time or other has puzzled almost every Sabbath school teacher. Probably there are few classes in our schools whose weekly contributions represent the most that could be done in the way of giving to the cause of Christ. Most teachers will, therefore, welcome any suggestions that will aid them in combating the spirit of indifference toward this subject which prevails so largely among scholars.

A teacher of a class of little girls in a Sabbath school in the south has tried, with good success, a method that may be helpful to other teachers.

Each Sunday, before the lesson begins, all the pennies are collected in the class envelope, and then, while the teacher holds the envelope in her hand, every head is bowed, while she asks the Heavenly Father to bless the pennies the hands and hearts have brought to him, and to let them do something for him.

By this simple little service the scholars learn the importance of their gifts, and are reminded of the fact that every penny has a value in the eyes of the Master. They never forget that the money they bring is for Christ and the advancement of his kingdom in the world.—'Westminster Teacher.'

Every man in his humor. 'World Wide' is a collection of the best writing on the most interesting subjects.

Temperance

'Poor Mademoiselle,' or an Fxchange of Benefits.

('Temperance Record.')

On a sunny June afternoon, three English ladies wandering about Rouen, found their way into the garden of a small hotel in search of strawberries and cream. The first to enter was Miss Adamson, a tall, handsome woman with grey hair and dark eyes; she chose the table and called the waiter, but as he came she turned to a quiet little lady in black and said:

'Now, Mrs. Drew, give the orders, please. No need to ask—there is a "no English" look about that man, and my native tongue is my only language I can speak with dignity.'

So Mrs. Drew gave the orders in fluent French, and the man obeyed them with alacrity, whilst the two Misses Adamson and their useful friend chatted about the quaint old town and decided what they would visit next. More than once the waiter was appealed to for information, and always by Mrs Drew, until Miss Adamson suddenly observed:

'Do you know, Mrs. Drew, there are two things I never can understand about you—your fluent French and your temperance principles. You were educated entirely at Miss Hall's establishment, and I don't know anyone else who learnt to speak French there; and you are the granddaughter of the leading brewer of the town, and yet you have been a rigid teetotaller all your life.'

Mrs. Drew smiled as she answered:

'And the curious thing is that the two facts are not unconnected. It was through my temperance principles that I first really studied French, although I never told anyone the story, nor often thought of it since I grew up.'

'Tell it now,' suggested Miss Adamson. 'I don't mean to stir for half an hour at least.'

'Nor I,' said her sister. 'This shady old garden is too delightful to leave. Do entertain us by a reminiscence of ancient days. I remember old Miss Hall marching her girls into church with a thrill of awe even now. She was a martinet. How glad we were that our parents did not send us there, even although it kept us from knowing you until you became our curate's wife.'

'Yes,' laughed Mrs. Drew, 'and how shy I was of the two learned Miss Adamsons who had been "finished" in Germany.'

'So much so that they cannot speak French,' chimed in one of the learned ladies gaily. 'But go on with the story or our half hour will be up.'

So Mrs. Drew began.

You call Miss Hall a grim old thing, but she was very kindhearted after all. You know my father gave up his connection with the brewery and went into the Church, and we children were trained to look upon tot abstinence as a sacred duty to be adhered to in spite of everything. It cost my father the loss of his family's affection as well as his prospects, but he never wanted to go back, and it gave him great influence amongst the poor of the town. Miss Hall knew all about our circumstances, and showed me endless kindness as a child. When there was illness at home I used to stay there, and I can assure you the boarders had a very happy time.'

'I expect you were the pet of the establishment,' said Miss Adamson, 'that is why your recollections are so pleasant.'

'Perhaps I was rather spoilt,' admitted Mrs. Drew. 'I was allowed to sit in the parlor with Miss Hall sometimes, but you might not have esteemed that as a privilege. However, I liked it, and it was because I happened to be there one night that I heard about poor Mademoiselle. You may not remember the little dark French woman who was there for so many years. She was a splendid teacher, but very irritable, and I am afraid we girls tried her sometimes beyond endurance. I have seen her burst into tears and rush out of the room in the middle of a lesson when we were rather worse than usual. She used to lock herself in her bedroom, and no one would see her again that day.

'It annoyed Miss Hall, of course, and one evening when Mademoiselle had been invisible all the afternoon, she told me to go up and ask her to come down. I did not care for the errand, but, of course, I went. I hammered away at the door for some time, until, at last, I heard someone move across the room and unlock the door. I gave the message, but Mademoiselle answered in such a queer, thick voice that I ran hastily away.

'"I am afraid she is ill, Miss Hall," I said, "and she must have spilt some brandy, there is such a strong smell in the room."

'"Indeed!" cried Miss Hall, and went upstairs at once.

'She came down looking very troubled, and sat down in her arm-chair without remembering me

"What shall I do?" she said. "A girl in that state in my house and not a friend to send her to."

'She looked so miserable that I went up to her and asked:

'"Is she ill, Miss Hall? I am so sorry."

'Miss Hall started.

'"No, child, she is not ill. Do you think your father is at home to-night?"

'"Oh, yes," I said. "I think so. Do you want him?"

'"Yes," said Miss Hall, and she got up and wrote a note.

'When he came I was sent away, but he stayed a long time with Miss Hall, and afterwards she seemed quite cheerful.

'"Your father left this note for you, Nellie," she said, and gave me a tiny note. It only asked me to tell Mademoiselle when I saw her that he was anxious I should be a good French scholar, and that he hoped she would be kind enough to make me do my best to learn. I could not quite understand it, and since, like all the rest, I was not fond of Mademoiselle, I was not very pleased. Next morning, after prayers, Miss Hall made a little speech. She said that Mademoiselle would be obliged to have a few days' rest, and gave us severe injunctions as to our future behavior at French lessons.

'A day or two afterwards I had an opportunity to deliver father's message, as Miss Hall sent me up to have tea with Mademoiselle. At first we were both very shy and proper with each other. Mademoiselle was only twenty-three, but she seemed formidable to me, for I was just thirteen. Suddenly she sprang up, locked the door, and came towards me.

'"Tell me, little one," she said, "Is it true? Did you see me that dreadful night?"

'I stammered and got red. "Yes, Mademoiselle, I could not help it. Miss Hall sent me up to fetch you. She did not know you were ill." I hesitated over the last word, for I remembered the smell of brandy, and guessed the truth.

'"Ah!" cried Mademoiselle, and began to sob. I tried to comfort her, telling her that none of the other girls should hear about it, and that I would be her friend. When I said that she stopped crying, and asked if I really meant it. I told her that I did, for I felt then that I would do anything I could to help her.

'We became friends after that, much to father's joy, for he had persuaded her to sign the pledge, the only condition upon which Miss Hall would keep her. Of course I could not do much, but she said I helped her in her struggle against a habit that had grown very rapidly, and when she died some years ago she sent me this ring as a keepsake.'

There was a pause as the story ended, and then Miss Adamson said:

'Poor thing. I am glad you helped her.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Drew, 'but she helped me too, you know. She worked hard to make me speak French well.'

'Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service which thou renderest,' quoted the other Miss Adamson.

'A truth that ought to keep us humble,' brightly concluded Mrs. Drew.

Stop and Think.

Stop and think if you can afford to sacrifice your health, money, influence for good, possibilities of long life, usefulness and happiness by an alliance with tobacco in any form! Investigate the statements herein made, and forswear forever the accursed weed.

A noted man once said: 'I love my pipe, but despise myself for using it.' Another said: 'I love my brandy and drinks. I know my example is bad, but I cannot give them up.'

Do not drink intoxicating liquors, nor use the poisonous tobacco, for so many will know your habits and follow your example.

Said a man of four score years, radiant with vitality: 'I have lived a total abstainer for forty years from the use of ardent spirits and tobacco. I have never been intoxicated in my life. The liquor drinking curse causes more disaster, suffering and crime in the world than all other evils combined.

'The tobacco habit is unhealthy, expensive, filthy and demoralizing, and no man nor woman, gentleman nor lady, should indulge in it. Let all good people join in crushing out the giant evils of strong drink and tobacco. Let us try to do something while we are in the world to make it better because we have lived in it.'—Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster.

Correspondence

Manotick, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' as long as I can remember, and could not do without it. I live near the village of Manotick, situated on the Rideau River. My favorite studies are geography and history H. C. S. (Aged 10.)

Duntroon.

Dear Editor,—I go to school in the country. We go three miles to church. I live with the teacher. I have four sisters and four brothers. FRED C. (Aged 8.)

Ayer's Flat, Que.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm. I go to school every day. I have one brother and four sisters. We live near a lake, and I like very much to go for a boat ride.
MAUDE G. (Aged 9.)

Ayer's Flat, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live at the head of Massawippi Lake. I go to school at Bunker Hill School. There are about twenty-eight scholars. We live on a farm.
LESLIE G. (Aged 11.)

New Salem.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and like it very much. Our teacher's name is Miss Hunter. I have three sisters and one brother. One sister is married. We had a concert in our school to help the soldiers' memorial. I have taken the 'Messenger' for one year and like it very much. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is the same as mine—March 25?
CARRIE S. (Aged 11.)

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Northern Messenger is a very nice paper. I have taken it for about two years, and enjoy reading it very much. We live on a farm and keep lots of stock. We have very cold weather here now. MAGGIE.

Deep Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am an adopted daughter, and like my home very much. I take music lessons, and go to school. I have to walk one and a half mile. I have three cats. My birthday is Jan. 18.
LILLA M. B. (Aged 9.)

Belle Cote, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have two pet cats and a dog. We have three horses and two pigs, thirty fowls and nine head of cattle. I have one sister and two brothers. One of my brothers is in Truro, going to school, and the other is in the Survey line.
JEPHTHA S. M. (Aged 10.)

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To Stop a Sneeze.

A correspondent, Mr. F. W. Christiansen, of Hamilton, remarks on the embarrassment we feel in a church, public ceremony, etc., when signs of a coming sneeze visit us. He says he discovered by chance a remedy, which is 'simply to press your forefinger upward and backward against the bridge of your nose between the two nostrils, and the coming sneeze will be smothered.

Selected Recipes.

Cooked Salad Dressing.—Put in a saucepan a dash of cayenne, a quarter teaspoonful of mustard and three eggs, and beat them for a minute. Mix together one-third of a cup each of vinegar and water, add to the eggs and beat until thinned. Drop in two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir over hot water until thick and smooth. Strain and add a pinch of salt. This dressing will keep for some time.

Vegetarian Beef Tea.—Half a pound of haricot beans should be washed and put to stew in an earthenware jar containing a quart of hot water. Half a small onion should be added, and the ingredients should simmer steadily for three hours, when about a pint and a half of liquid should remain. The mealy part of the beans must not be allowed to break into the liquid, and the beans must be strained off when the mixture is removed from the fire. The remaining half of the small onion should then be sliced and fried with an ounce of butter, and sprinkled with pepper and salt. The slices, when browned, should be added to the broth, which must then be strained again. This beverage is savory, and is declared to be 'vastly superior in sustaining properties' to the beef tea made from butcher's meat.

Apple Shortcake—Pare, core and slice four fine, large apples. Drop them into boiling syrup and cook until soft, and then mash them well. Roll a sheet of plain pie crust in two thin layers. Lay one in the pan, lightly greased with butter, then lay on the second sheet, and bake in a hot oven. When done, separate the sheets and spread the apple sauce between the crust and also on top, and serve with cream.

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